

When the listener wakes up from passing out, they're in a carriage on their way home, the prince nowhere to be found. For someone less stubborn and determined, this would be the end. But... not for you. You decide to find a way back to the prince.

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[Several weeks later, the prince is walking back to his room after returning from another war mission. He seems stressed, as things are heating up between his country and the enemy country]

Prince: [Sigh] Ugh... I just wanna get some goddamn sleep... this is all dragging on way too long. I never thought sleeping in tents bothered me, but I really do miss my bed. Maybe when I stop sleeping outside, I'll be able to stop thinking about... forget it. You're such a pain, even when you're not here. Get out of my head already... and give me back my boots, I should never have let you borrow them. Talking to myself again... great. At least Father isn't around for a few weeks, so that gives me some time to breathe.

[The prince reaches his bedroom, but finds something off about his door that puts him on edge]

Prince: Hold on... that's now how I left it. Someone's been in here...

[The prince draws his sword, and slowly opens the door]

Prince: If anyone is in here, announce yourself, now. Or else you run the risk of being impaled the second I find you.

[The room is quiet, until the listener slowly steps out from behind the curtain]

Prince: What. The fuck. What are you doing here? Why are you in my *room*?

[He puts his sword away]

Prince: And why were you hiding behind a curtain? That's so dumb.

Listener: ...

Prince: I knew someone was in here, I always leave my door handle turned town a few centimeters, that way if someone opens it before I do, I'll be able to tell. Being careful is necessary in this castle. On that subject again I have to ask, what the hell is this about? How did you get in my room, Silverspoon? I distinctly remember telling my men to drop you off at home. Your home, not mine.

Listener: ...

Prince: Excuse me? Worried about me? Well for one, how dare you, and for two, why's that?

Listener: ...

Prince: A bad feeling? Oh I'm sorry, did you get lonely? May I suggest acquiring yourself a puppy instead? They're a lot friendlier than I am.

Listener: ...

Prince: God damn it, you are seriously insane. You should not have come here. Although, I'm admittedly a *little* impressed you made it into this room without being spotted and dragged down to the dungeons. [He laughs softly] That would have actually been a funny reunion. This? This is just weird.

Listener: ...

Prince: Correct me if I'm wrong but breaking into someone's home, someone's personal chambers no less, is a crime, not to mention the actions of a stalker. Seriously though, tell me. How did you get into the castle?

Listener: ...

Prince: You're a tutor here now-? What? How did you manage to swing that? And why?

Listener: ...

Prince: I told you, we are *not* friends. I was crystal clear on that.

Listener: ...

Prince: You're exhausting. What are you even supposed to be teaching?

Listener: ...

Prince: Dance? *You?* I've seen you trip over air.

Listener: ...

Prince: It's not an exaggeration. Besides, no one here needs a dance tutor. I'm the best there is, and nobody else needs to learn.

Listener: ...

Prince: My sister...? Oh right, I guess she exists too. I hate that you put so much effort into finding your way back to me. I told you our relationship ended the day we made it out of the woods, or have you somehow forgotten?

Listener: ...

Prince: Refuse? You can't refuse me, I'm the crown prince. I could have you executed if I wanted to.

Listener: ...

Prince: Watch yourself, the more you open your mouth and say stupid things, the more I'm considering it.

Listener: ...

Prince: Hang on... are you sick again? Maybe it's just me, it is kinda dark in here, but you look really pale.

Listener: ...

Prince: Traveling so far from home is a stupid idea for someone like you. Then again, you and stupid go hand in hand, so I shouldn't be surprised. You're really pissing me off by being here, Silverspoon. In fact, I was having a pretty decent day up until now, and you completely ruined it.

Listener: ...

Prince: What did I tell you about apologizing? I'm... joking. Sort of. I mean, you're annoying and I can't stand you, but... I do think about those woods a lot. More than I should, really...

Listener: ...

Prince: Quiet. Repeat that to anyone and I really will have you executed.

Listener: ...

[The listener seems a bit unsteady on their feet]

Prince: Woah... are you sure you're okay? You look like you can barely stand up straight.

[The listener stumbles, and the prince catches them, picking them up]

Prince: Hey- gotcha... god would you stop falling? I'm tired of catching you. You... can lay down in my bed for a little while. Don't move any of the pillows, I'm particular about how I like them arranged.

Listener: ...

Prince: Don't laugh at me. Everyone has a specific way they like their pillows arranged. Hm, maybe I should just drop you on the floor instead...

Listener: ...

Prince: That's what I thought.

[The prince sets the listener down on the bed, sitting down with them]

Prince: Silverspoon, I admire your brazen cleverness, but you can't stay here. You have to go back home, as soon as possible.

Listener: ...

Prince: Because it's not safe here. In fact, the further you are from this place, the better off you'll be. I know it sounds unbelievable, considering how I am, but I'm trying to look out for you. It's not just because you're sickly, the king is dangerous. This whole place is dangerous.

Listener: ...

Prince: It's different for me, I'm the only son, he needs me. My sister is useless in the line of succession, and in general, in my opinion.

Listener: ...

Prince: That *was* me being nice. Anyway, I'm serious. You can't stay here.

Listener: ...

Prince: I'm not gonna 'watch you' do anything other than get on the first carriage out of here and back home.

Listener: ...

Prince: Are you really arguing with me right now? I know you're stubborn and stupid, but this is just nonsensical. Why do you want to stay here so badly? One sided friendship can't be the most important thing in your life. What about your family?

Listener: ...

Prince: This is seriously the only way your family would let you leave the house? Well fine, go travel or something, don't tell them you left, but please just go.

Listener: ...

Prince: Wha- no, I don't *care* exactly, I just... know you're going to come running to me for help, and that sounds like more work than I'm willing to do for someone I barely tolerate.

Listener: ...

Prince: There you go again, trying to spin this into me being secretly nice. When are you going to accept that I don't want anything to do with you, for no selfless reasons? I'm just not a people person.

Listener: ...

Prince: Don't play the sick and dying card, I'm not falling for that. Besides, we're both terminally ill, aren't we? No special treatment.

Listener: ...

Prince: Yeah, I'm fine. You're the one who looks like they're about to be sick right now, anyway.

Listener: ...

Prince: [He sighs, sounding defeated] You're not leaving, are you?

Listener: ...

Prince: What do I have to do to change that?

Listener: ...

Prince: Come on, there has to be *something*. I can... get you whatever you want, just, please go. I'm asking you nicely.

Listener: ...

Prince: Damn it, why are you so hellbent on making my life difficult!

Listener: ...

Prince: It certainly feels intentional. I'm asking you to do one thing and one thing only and you're adamantly refusing for reasons that entirely escape me.

Listener: ...

Prince: I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that.

Listener: ...

[The prince checks the listener's forehead temperature]

Prince: Yeah, I'm gonna attribute that delusion to the fact that your forehead is as hot as dragon's breath. If you ever say something that close to a love confession again, it's gonna be off with your head. Don't spout nonsense like that, especially not in front of anyone.

Listener: ...

Prince: You're confused, okay? You don't have feelings for me. And if you do, you're insane. Medically.

Listener: ...

Prince: I already told you, my feelings are personal, and I'll never share them with you. But I find you irritating, that's about it.

Listener: ...

Prince: I'm not being inconsistent, I'm just- shut up, would you? Just because I think about being in the woods again sometimes doesn't mean I'm in love with you or something crazy like that. Don't be so self-absorbed. You don't need any *more* negative qualities.

Listener: ...

Prince: You're not gonna break me, Silverspoon. Think whatever you want, it's not true. Where the hell are you even supposed to be staying? You need to leave before someone sees you coming out of my room, especially in a state that could be mistaken for drunkenness. I can imagine how well *those* rumors would go over.

Listener: ...

Prince: Hello? Silverspoon? Don't you dare fall asleep right now, I don't care how high your fever is you are going back to your room. Hurry up and tell me where it is.

Listener: ...

Prince: Uh- hey... what's wrong? Does something hurt?

Listener: ...

Prince: Silverspoon?

Listener: ...

Prince: Are you... okay?

Listener: ...

Prince: Fine... squeeze my hand until the pain passes, I guess.

Listener: ...

Prince: Are you alright now?

Listener: ...

Prince: Do you get headaches like that often? I've never seen you make that face before.

Listener: ...

Prince: I don't really have a way to compare it, did you forget about the whole no physical pain thing?

Listener: ...

Prince: It's... fine. What exactly *is* wrong with you, anyway?

Listener: ...

Prince: What do you mean you don't know?

Listener: ...

Prince: So, you've had all kinds of symptoms since childhood, and not a single doctor could figure out a cause for any of them? You're a noble, how is it that you received such poor healthcare?

Listener: ...

Prince: They... expect you to... die? When?

Listener: ...

Prince: I see, they're unsure, then. So the medicine you have is the only thing keeping you alive? Your father found a doctor that specializes in rare disease, and this is what they came up with?

Listener: ...

Prince: I'm not concerned. Intrigued, more like it. Actually the sooner you drop dead, the better.

Listener: ...

Prince: Yeah, yeah. Well... if you really won't leave the castle, have the doctors here take a look at you. We have some of the best in the country, honestly probably the continent. They might be able to help you, that is unless you're content to die young.

Listener: ...

Prince: You're welcome? I didn't really do anything, but nevertheless. You should go see them in the morning. For now... you can stay here. I don't want to be caught carrying you around, and I know you're not fit to walk on your own.

Listener: ...

Prince: Just until morning, you need to leave before the servants get up, though. You can sleep on the bed, I'll sleep on the lounge chair.

Listener: ...

Prince: I am not sleeping in the same bed with you.

Listener: ...

Prince: It's absolutely different than when we were sharing a shelter. I'm not even all that comfortable with you seeing me in night clothes, I definitely don't want to lay next to you wearing them. I'm gonna go out on a limb and say you didn't bring your own?

Listener: ...

Prince: Fine, you can borrow one of my nightshirts. I'm locking this door though, if anyone came into this room for any reason and saw that, I'd have to jump off my balcony for the sake of my pride.

Listener: ...

Prince: I would never want anyone to think I had to stoop so low. [Teasing tone as he opens up a bit more with the listener]

Listener: ...

Prince: Call me hornet prince one more time, I dare you.

Listener: ...

Prince: I didn't mean that literally. Alright, fine fine, just shut up and let's get this over with. Here.

[The prince tosses a shirt at the listener]

Prince: You can change there, I'll change behind the divider. Just let me know when you're done, I won't look until then.

Listener: ...

[Prince walks behind the divider and changes as he speaks]

Prince: Just because I'm a jerk doesn't mean I don't have common decency. And why would I want to see anything underneath your clothes anyway? That sounds like a miserable experience.

Listener: ...

Prince: Why do you sound so mad? Do you *want* me to be interested?

Listener: ...

Prince: I told you, I'm pretending I never heard that. Are you done yet?

Listener: ...

Prince: Good.

[The prince comes over and lays down in the bed]

Prince: Before you say anything, I'm only sleeping in the bed to keep an eye on you. So don't say anything about it, okay?

Listener: ...

Prince: Huh, I think that might be the first time you've ever listened to what I told you to do.

Listener: ...

Prince: Quiet. Just go to sleep, otherwise you're going to stay sick longer.

Listener: ...

Prince: Night, Silverspoon.